

## Childhood.

Far in the mystical confines of regions celestial,  
Where the sun, moon, and stars have <sup>their</sup> birth, and the river of life  
has its source,  
God planted the Kingdom of Childhood, and gave it in charge of  
his angels  
To fill it with shining and beauty, and shield it from ills that  
perplex.

There the exiled descendants of Adam may dwell in the confines of  
Heaven,  
And read in the clear eyes of childhood the glory of wonderful  
things,  
For bright spirits hover around, unseen by all but the  
children,  
And a light on the infantine faces reveals that they whisper  
with God!

That land is a region of wonders, for God, who loveth the  
children,  
Calling them ever to Him with accents of loving command,  
Willed that beauty and joy might be theirs, and that peace might  
encompass them ever,  
And no evil defile their bright Kingdom, defended by angels  
and men.

There the day with rich splendour is glowing, and the night is a  
world of enchantment,  
When the earth rests in magical quietude under the dark, jewelled  
sky,

There the moon and the stars have breath, and the throb of  
their musical whispers  
Descends in the stillness of eve to the hush of the listening  
world,

There the near and the far are one, and the blessed and exiled  
may mingle,  
For the children are white links of blossom that <sup>join</sup> ~~lead~~ the heaven  
and earth.

Every mortal for some brief time may reign in the Kingdom of Childhood,  
Then, alas, must lay down its sceptre, and pass to the world beyond.